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OLD  
MEASURES:  
COLLECTED VERSE  
*By W. D. Lighthall*



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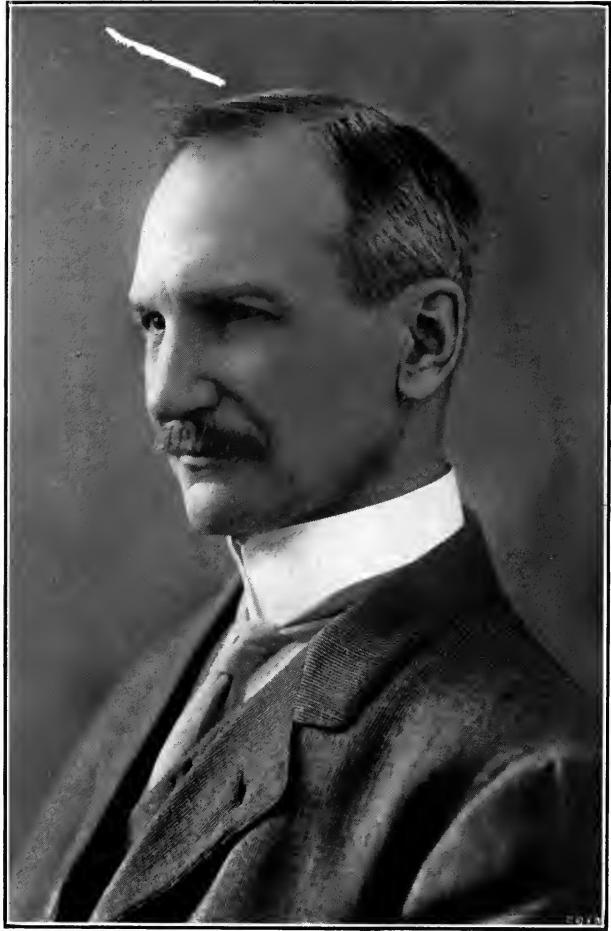
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# **OLD MEASURES**







W.A. Lightfoot

**OLD MEASURES:**  
**COLLECTED VERSE**  
*By* W. D. LIGHTHALL

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MAIN

TO  
THE POETS OF CONFEDERATION  
MY FRIENDS  
AND  
COMPANIONS

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEATHLESS . . . . .	59
DESIGN . . . . .	61
TO FRANCE . . . . .	62

### THE TREMBLING MOUNTAIN

THE LAND OF MANITOU . . . . .	65
THE SHEBEAR . . . . .	73
COMMANDANT'S ISLE . . . . .	76
FLEURANT BAY . . . . .	79
THE GALAHADS . . . . .	82

### PHILOSOPHIC

THE PALMER . . . . .	89
THE ARTIST'S PRAYER . . . . .	90
THE WIND-CHANT . . . . .	93
LOVE-SONG . . . . .	99
OUR UNDERLYING EXISTENCE . . . . .	100
A PROBLEM . . . . .	101
TO A FELLOW-STUDENT OF KANT . . . . .	104
TO THE SOUL . . . . .	105
EBEN PICKEN, BOOKSELLER . . . . .	106
VAN HORNE . . . . .	108
THE ORDER . . . . .	110
TOO-MUCH-GOLD RIVER . . . . .	112

## CONTENTS

### IMAGINATIVE AND EARLY VERSE

	PAGE
IMITATED FROM THE JAPANESE . . . . .	117
THE KNIGHT ERRANT . . . . .	120
CUJUS ANIMÆ PROPICIELTUR DEUS . . . . .	129
STANCHEZZA . . . . .	131
PRÆTERITA EX INSTANTIBUS . . . . .	132
SUNRISE . . . . .	133
REALITY . . . . .	134
SEARCHINGS . . . . .	136
HOMER . . . . .	139



## I. Patriotic



## The Founders

EVERY true man is a founder of the future of his State;  
As a stone in a cathedral he uplifts and makes it great.  
Every man who with his life-blood in its need has stained the field,  
Every man who for its service all he hath and is would yield,  
Every man who worketh truly that its laws be fair and right,  
Every foeman of its error, every messenger of light,  
Every servant of its sick, and of the children of its poor,  
Every laborer on its streets, if he doth labor to endure,  
Every one who will not brook in it the evil or the base  
But whose soul like a pure fountain clears the river of his race,  
And who sayeth ever to it: "Thou art part of human kind,  
Be thou just with all the nations; large in nation—  
heart and mind—  
Seek from none the base advantage, be no boaster o'er the rest,

## THE FOUNDERS

But be that that with its strength, among the peoples  
serveth best,"—

Every such one is a founder of the future of his State;  
As a stone in a fair minster, by his truth it cometh  
great.

Yea, though all the rest were rotten, and its form come  
tottering down,

God shall build again and of him carve the new  
cathedral's crown.

## The Confused Dawn

(1882)

YOUNG MAN.

WHAT are the Vision and the Cry  
That haunt the new Canadian soul?  
Dim grandeur spreads we know not why  
O'er mountain, forest, tree and knoll,  
And murmurs indistinctly fly.—  
Some magic moment sure is nigh.  
O Seer, the curtain roll!

SEER.

The Vision, mortal, it is this—  
Dead mountain, forest, knoll and tree  
Awaken all endued with bliss,  
A native land—O think!—to be—  
*Thy* native land—and ne'er amiss,  
Its smile shall like a lover's kiss  
From henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand,  
Which runs through that new realm of light,  
From Breton's to Vancouver's strand

## THE CONFUSED DAWN

O'er many a lovely landscape bright,  
It is their waking utterance grand,  
The great refrain "A NATIVE LAND!"—  
Be thine the ear, the sight.

## Canada Not Last

(1881)

### AT VENICE.

O! Venice, gay with color, lights and song,  
Calls from St. Mark's with ancient voice and  
strange:  
I am the Witch of Cities! glide along  
My silver streets that never wear by change  
Of years: forget the years, and pain, and wrong,  
And every sorrow reigning men among.  
Know I can soothe thee, please and marry thee  
To my illusions. Old and siren-strong,  
I smile immortal, while the mortals flee  
Who whiten on to death in wooing me.

### AT FLORENCE.

What fairer is, by Arno's bridgéd gleam,  
Than Florence, viewed from San Miniato's slope  
At eventide, when west along the stream,  
The last of day reflects a silver hope!—  
Lo, all else softened in the twilight beam:—  
The city's mass blent in one hazy cream,

## CANADA NOT LAST

The brown Dome midst it, and the Lily tower,  
And grey Old Tower more near, and hills that seem  
Afar, like clouds to fade, and hills of power  
On this side, greenly dark with cypress, vine and  
bower.

### AT ROME.

End of desire to stray I feel would come  
Though Italy were all blue skies to me,  
Though France's fields went mad with flowery foam  
And Blanc put on a special majesty.  
Not all could match the growing thought of home  
Nor tempt to exile. Look I not on ROME—  
This ancient, modern, mediæval queen—  
Yet still sigh westward over hill and dome,  
Imperial ruin and villa's princely scene  
Lovely with pictured saints and marble gods serene.

### REFLECTION.

Rome, Florence, Venice—noble, fair and quaint,  
They reign in robes of magic round me here;  
But fading, blotted, dim, a picture faint,  
With spell more silent, only pleads a tear.  
Plead not! Thou hast my heart, O picture dim!  
I see the fields, I see the autumn hand

## CANADA NOT LAST

Of God upon the maples! Answer Him  
With weird, translucent glories, ye that stand  
Like spirits in scarlet and in amethyst!  
I see the sun break over you; the mist  
On hills that lift from iron bases grand  
Their heads superb!—the dream, it is my native  
land.

## National Hymn

(1883)

**T**O THEE whose smile is might and fame,  
A nation lifts united praise  
And asks but that Thy purpose frame  
*A useful glory for its days.*

We pray no sunset lull of rest,  
No pomp and bannered pride of war;  
We hold stern labor manliest,  
The just side real conqueror.

For strength we thank Thee : keep us strong,  
And grant us pride of skilful toil;  
For homes we thank Thee : may we long  
Have each some Eden rood of soil.

O, keep our mothers kind and dear,  
And make the fathers stern and wise;  
The maiden soul preserve sincere,  
And rise before the young man's eyes.

Subdue the jest of idle minds,  
That know not, jesting, when to hush;

## NATIONAL HYMN

Keep on our lips the word that binds,  
And teach our children when to blush.

Forever constant to the good  
Still arm our faith, thou Guard Sublime,  
And lead thou on our brotherhood,  
Dear Father, till the end of Time.

Thou hearest!—Lo, we feel our love  
Of loyal thoughts and actions free  
Toward all divine achievement move,  
Ennobled, blest, ensured, by Thee.

## The Pioneers

A BALLAD

ALL you who on your acres broad,  
Know nature in its charms,  
With pictured dale and fruitful sod,  
And herds on verdant farms,  
Remember those who fought the trees  
And early hardships braved,  
And so for us of all degrees  
All from the forest saved.

And you who stroll in leisured ease  
Along your city squares,  
Thank those who there have fought the trees,  
And howling wolves and bears.  
They met the proud woods in the face,  
Those gloomy shades and stern;  
Withstood and conquered, and your race  
Supplants the pine and fern.

Where'er we look, their work is there;  
Now land and men are free:  
On every side the view grows fair,  
And perfect yet shall be.

## THE PIONEERS

The credit's theirs, who all day fought  
The stubborn giant hosts:  
We have but built on what they wrought;  
Theirs were the honor-posts.

Though plain their lives and rude their dress,  
No common men were they;  
Some came for scorn of slavishness  
That ruled lands far away;  
And some came here for conscience' sake,  
For Empire and the King;  
And some for Love a home to make,  
Their dear ones here to bring.

First staunch men left, for Britain's name,  
The South's prosperity;  
And Highland clans from Scotland came—  
Their sires had aye been free;  
And England oft her legions gave  
To found a race of pluck,  
And ever came the poor and brave  
And took the axe and struck.

Each hewed, and saw a dream-like home!—  
Hewed on—a settlement!  
Struck hard—through mists the spire and dome  
The distant rim indent!

## THE PIONEERS

So honored be they midst your ease,  
And give them well their due,  
Honor to those who fought the trees  
And made a land for you!

## Canadian Faith

*Written when many doubted of our future. (1890).*

### I.

IN THE name of many martyrs  
Who have died to save their country,  
Poured their fresh blood bravely for it,  
And our soil thus consecrated;  
In the name of Brock the peerless,  
In the name of Spartan Dollard,  
Wolfe and Montcalm—world's and ours—  
The high spirit of Tecumseh;  
Of the eight who fell at Cut Knife,  
Bright in early bloom and courage,  
When our youth leapt up for trial;  
In the names of thousand others  
Whom we proudly keep remembered  
As our saviours from the Indian,  
From the savage and the rebel,  
Or from Hampton, or Montgomery  
By Quebec's old faithful fortress;  
And at Chrysler's Farm and Lundy;  
And upon the lakes and ocean;

## CANADIAN FAITH

Or who lived us calmer service;—  
Many is the roll, and sacred;—  
In their name a voice is calling,  
Through this native land of ours!

Hark, for we have need to listen!  
All our martyrs warn and shame us.  
Do not let them see us cowards!  
Why are all these faint-heart whispers  
In the very hour of progress?

Tattles of disquiet vex us,  
And among us are new enemies—  
Cowards, weak, ignoble whiners,  
Esaus, placemen, low-browed livers,  
Traitors, salesmen of a nation.  
Some would have us drop despondent  
And convince us we are nothing.  
(Us of whom ten thousand heroes  
Hitherto to here have conquered  
And we *must* be faithful to them!)  
Some are hypocrites and cynics;  
Some would wreck us; some would leave us;  
Even in the hour of peril  
Would the hand of many fail us;  
They would almost make to falter  
Our old simple faith in God.

## CANADIAN FAITH

Therefore this appeal, O brothers,  
Earnestly do I adjure you  
To believe and trust your country.

By the glorious star of England,  
Shining mast-high o'er all oceans;  
In the name of France the glorious;  
In the world-proud name of Europe;  
Whence you draw your great traditions;  
I adjure you trust your country!

By all noble thoughts of manhood;  
By the toil of your forefathers;  
By their sacrifices for you;  
By the Loyalist tradition;  
And your own heart's generous instincts;  
I adjure you be Canadian.

## The Caughnawaga Beadwork Seller

**K**ANAWAKI—"By the Rapid,"—  
Low the sunset midst thee lies;  
And from the wild Reservation  
Evening's breeze begins to rise.  
Faint the Kônoronkwa chorus  
Drifts across the current strong;  
Spirit-like the parish steeple  
Stands thy ancient walls among.

Kanawâki—"By the Rapid,"—  
How the sun amidst thee burns!  
Village of the Praying Nation,  
Thy dark child to thee returns.  
All day through the pale-face city,  
Silent, selling beaded wares,  
I have wandered with my basket,  
Lone, excepting for their stares!

They are white men; we are Indians;  
What a gulf their stares proclaim!  
They are mounting; we are dying;  
All our heritage they claim.

## THE CAUGHNAWAGA BEADWORK SELLER

We are dying, dwindling, dying,  
    Strait and smaller grows our bound;  
They are mounting up to heaven  
    And are pressing all around.

*Thou* art ours,—little remnant,  
    Ours through countless thousand years—  
Part of the old Indian world,  
    Thy breath from far the Indian cheers.  
Back to thee, O Kanawâki!  
    Let the rapids dash between  
Indian homes and white men's manners—  
    Kanawâki and Lachine!

O my dear! O Knife-and-Arrows!  
    Thou art bronzed, thy limbs are lithe;  
How I laugh as through the crosse-game,  
    Slipst thou like red elder withe.  
Thou art none of these pale-faces!  
    When with thee I'll happy feel,  
For thou art the Mohawk warrior  
    From thy scalp-lock to thy heel.

Sweet the Kônoronkwa chorus  
    Floats across the current strong;  
Clear behold the parish steeple  
    Rise the ancient walls among.

## THE CAUGHNAWAGA BEADWORK SELLER

Speed us deftly, noiseless paddle:  
In my shawl my bosom burns!  
Kanawâki—"By the Rapid,"—  
Thine own child to thee returns.

## Montreal

R EIGN on, majestic Ville Marie!  
Spread wide thine ample robes of state;  
The heralds cry that thou art great,  
And proud are thy young sons of thee.  
Mistress of half a continent,  
Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest;  
We see thee conscious heave thy breast  
And feel thy rank and thy descent.  
  
Sprung of the saint and chevalier!  
And with the Scarlet Tunic wed!  
Mount Royal's crown upon thy head,  
And—past thy footstool—broad and clear  
St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea;  
Reign on, majestic Ville Marie!

## All Hail to a Night

*Written for the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association.*

ALL hail to a night when the stars stand bright  
Like gold dust in the sky;  
With a crisp track long, and an old time song,  
And the old time company.

*Cho.—*All hail to a night when the Northern Light—  
A welcome to us waves,  
Then the snowshoer goes o'er the ice and the  
snows,  
And the frosty tempest braves.

The snowshoer's tent is the firmament;  
His breath the rush of the breeze.  
Earth's loveliest sprite, the frost queen at night,  
Lures him silvery through the trees.

Yes, the snowshoer's queen is winter serene,  
We meet her in the glade.  
Dark-blue-eyed, a fair, pale bride,  
In her jewelled veil arrayed.

## ALL HAIL TO A NIGHT

Let us up then and toast to the uttermost  
Fair winter! we knights of the shoe!  
And in circle again join hearts with the men  
That of old time toasted her too.

## Land Laurentine

### I

F AIR land of mine, when from thy myriad faces  
    Of mystery and peace I hence depart,  
Not ever shall I fail, through all God's spaces  
    To turn to thee my ever human heart;  
Not once shall I forget, if power avail me,  
    Thy glittering distances of silent lakes;  
And voices of thy templed woods shall hail me  
    Where'er my soul in calm eternal wakes.

### II

Here dwelt our fathers, sprung of grand old races,  
    For whom the world was better; and their lives  
Smile ever round about like kindly faces  
    O'er the great fabric where their work survives.  
What truth, what honor, what unmatched devotion  
    They brought, like sacred coals, from Albion's  
        strand,  
The talismans that won us earth and ocean:—  
    Forget them never, O my native land!

## LAND LAURENTINE

### III

Ye band of friends I prized above all others,  
Bards, seers, and servers of the people's peace,  
Here have we built, for love of all our brothers,  
Nor Death's pale hand can make our labor cease;—  
Lampman, still music from thy bow is streaming;  
Thine, rugged Campbell, is too true to die;  
Mair, big-heart Drummond, Reade of gentlest dreaming,  
And all ye forms of noblest alchemy!

### IV

And, brethren of the ages that are coming,  
How we shall share your wonder and delight!  
For what ye see shall be the riper homing  
Of men more perfect and of hopes more bright.  
Land Laurentine, in ages far I scan thee,  
Like some enchanting cloud in sunset peace,  
And through thee shine those faces that began thee,  
In glory of the love that will not cease.

## To John Reade

DEAN OF CANADIAN LETTERS  
ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY,  
NOVEMBER 13TH, 1912.

MASTER and Dean, the plaudits of the land,  
At this the roll-call of thy years, are thine,  
And myriad hearts turn musing to thy shrine  
And myriad heart-strings feel thy minstrel hand.  
New Merlin of the West! we yield thy charm  
Its ample hour, while old ideals arise,  
As when we saw the newly-lifted arm,  
Light-bearing, of our Canada, her eyes  
Full of the dreams that are to come, and are,  
And wakening all the warblers into song.  
How glorious was that dawn! And as, along  
The winds, the joyous chorus sounded far,  
One throat was fullest of the sunrise fire,—  
Merlin's, the sweetest singer of the choir.

## Dedication

TO "CANADIAN POEMS AND LAYS,"  
1890.

TO HISTORY'S vastest Brotherhood,—  
Which seas that girdle earth but bind :  
To every man of British blood :—  
To all of the imperial mind :  
Or who, of any noble race, have by the Empire stood.

What matter races ! vain the pride  
Who first this brotherhood began ;  
Than Pict or Gael we grow more wide,  
Our final brotherhood is Man :  
Unto all union we will hold, so Man still onward  
stride.

And you, great Kinsmen scarcely lost,  
Alliance with you still increase :—  
With you the kindest, first and most  
Union for justice, trade and peace !  
States are the robes that suit the climes : we move, one  
spirit host.

## DEDICATION

This March night gleams the elm-lined street  
With pools beneath a rising moon:  
In the West's brow rayed Venus sweet  
Holds Nature in a lovelorn swoon:  
Go songs, glint what these lands shall be in wondrous  
day complete.

# The Battle of La Prairie (1691)

A BALLAD.

## I

THAT was a brave old epoch,  
Our age of chivalry,  
When the Briton met the Frenchman  
At the fight of La Prairie;  
And the manhood of New England,  
And the Netherlanders true  
And Mohawks sworn, gave battle  
To the Bourbon's lilded blue.

## II

That was a brave old governor  
Who gathered his array,  
And stood to meet, he knew not what  
On that alarming day.  
Eight hundred, amid rumors vast  
That filled the wild wood's gloom,  
With all New England's flower of youth,  
Fierce for New France's doom.

## THE BATTLE OF LA PRAIRIE

### III

And the brave old half five hundred!  
Their's should in truth be fame;  
Borne down the savage Richelieu,  
On what emprise they came!  
Your hearts are great enough, O few:  
Only your numbers fail,  
New France asks more for conquerors  
All glorious though your tale.

### IV

It was a brave old battle  
That surged around the fort,  
When D'Hosta fell in charging,  
And 'twas deadly strife and short;  
When in the very quarters  
They contested face and hand,  
And many a goodly fellow  
Crimsoned yon La Prairie sand.

### V

And those were brave old orders  
The colonel gave to meet  
The forest force with trees entrenched  
Opposing the retreat:

## THE BATTLE OF LA PRAIRIE

"DeCalliere's strength's behind us  
And in front your Richelieu;  
We must go straightforth at them;  
There is nothing else to do."

### VI

And then the brave old story comes,  
Of Schuyler and Valrennes  
When "Fight," the British colonel called,  
Encouraging his men,  
"For the Protestant Religion  
And the honor of our King!"—  
"Sir, I am here to answer you!"  
Valrennes cried, forthstepping.

### VII

Were those not brave old races?—  
Well, here they still abide;  
And yours is one or other,  
And the second's at your side,  
So when you hear your brother say,  
"Some loyal deed I'll do,"  
Like old Valrennes, be ready with  
"I'm here to answer you!"

## Winter's Dawn in Lower Canada

**T**O EACH there lives some beauteous sight: mine  
is to me most fair,  
I carry fadeless one clear dawn in keen December air,  
O'er leagues of plain from night we fled upon a pulsing  
train;  
For breath of morn, outside I stood. Then up a car-  
mine stain  
Flushed calm and rich the long, low east, deep reddening  
till the sun  
Eyed from its molten fires and shot strange arrows,  
one by one  
On certain fields, and on a wood of distant evergreen,  
And fairy opal blues and pinks on all the snows  
between:  
(Broad earth had never such a flower as in my  
country grows,  
When at the rising winter sun, the plain is all a rose.)  
Then seemed all nymphs and gods awake—heaven  
brightened with their smiles,  
The land was theirs; like mirages, stood out Elysian  
isles.

## WINTER'S DAWN IN LOWER CANADA

Westward the forests smiled in strength and glory like  
the plain,  
Their bare boughs rose, an arrowy flight, and by them  
sped the train.  
But dream-crown of that porcelain sea, those plains of  
sunrise snow,  
The green woods east, the grey woods west, and molten  
carmine glow—  
A light flashed through the sapling wastes and alders  
nearer by,  
Where Phoebus worked the spell of spells that ever  
charmed an eye,  
His bright spears to the frost-flakes reached, that on  
their branches lay,  
And each shot back, as we sped by, a single peerless  
ray.  
More bright than starry hosts appeared that vision in  
the wood  
And flashed and flew like fire-flies in a nightly solitude,  
A maze of silver stars, a dance of diamonds in the day:  
Through many lives though fly my soul as on that  
pulsing train,  
That sparkling dawn shall oftentimes enkindle it again.

## The Loyalists

(*From an unfinished Narrative Poem.*)

IN NEW York, the Royal Province, generous were  
the days of yore  
When the names of King and Empire, stained on hanging  
signs of inns,  
Drunk in toasts and preached in sermons, ever warmed  
the hearts of men.  
Westward ranged the boundless forests like innumer-  
able foes  
Round the palisaded Mohawk forts and war-plumed  
fields of maize;  
But along the leafy Hudson, clime most gracious under  
Heaven,  
In unbounded plenty flourished many a thousand yeo-  
man farms  
Cherishing the cheer of Holland, mother of the cheer  
of England,  
And the blood of twin stocks mingled that were chil-  
dren of the sea;  
There at intervals, from headlands all along the stately  
river,

## THE LOYALISTS

Mid their trees, ancestral manors stood revealed like  
dreams of peace.

(Ah, how many lovely places are upon this pleasant  
earth!).

Fair and gentle were the ladies, in those halls who  
played the spinet,

Tall and courtly were the men and many a relic there  
—some letter

Borne by Indian from a captive to his wife, or lilyed  
flag

Or map-carven powder-horn, among the stag-heads  
hung, attested

The chivalric feud with France that for a century  
burnt bright.

Leal and gay were all the tenants, proud as clansmen  
of their squires

For by race they held together as a family in kindness  
And their children grew up courteous, open-handed  
each with each

As they played among the orchards and the tulip-  
gardens quaint

By the Flemish-gabled houses sprawled with curious  
iron dates.

## THE LOYALISTS

Inland twenty miles from Hudson on the West New England line,  
Heathcote's Pond, a lake of silver, slept within the perfect woods,  
Up among the hills, and lower was the valley where in birdseye,  
Bright in farm, and dark in forest, lay the ample Heathcote Manor.  
Near the pond, and overlooking all the vale, commanding all,  
—Built of wood in fairest classic lines, while through its centre ran  
One great room with one great fireplace,—stood the home-like Heathcote Hall,  
By the living woods surrounded, and behind lay virgin Nature,—  
Quiets scarce by man yet broken, paths of deer and nooks of wild duck,  
And the nibbled water-grasses proved the muskrat, and the flopping  
Of the otter in the branches dipping down along the marge  
Spoke of Life, and the long water-lilied reaches by the Pond,  
With the eagle whistling over, calmed the soul into a mirror

## THE LOYALISTS

Of eternal Nature's peace. Thus the squire, Wyllys  
Heathcote,

Careful kept the Hall's surroundings, having loved  
them from the first.

Many bard-like hours they gave him, and the charm  
grew on his household.

So in loveliness they dwelt, and all the region knew its  
wonder.

No great patron lord was Wyllys, like the thirteen  
on the River

With their vast and rich possessions and the hundreds  
of their feus;

Fair was Heathcote Hall but simple and the acres of  
the Manor

Were the portion of his wife, and from her uncle's  
patent carved,

Out of bushlands in the rear towards the West New  
England line.

Of a race was she that often through the bygone gen-  
erations

Served the Province and the Empire, lavished treasure,  
blood and toil

With such cheerfulness as sparkled in her dark and  
lustrous eyes,

## THE LOYALISTS

And a pride that was the pride alone of doing noble things.

Of New England stock was Wyllys, high in annals of the Pilgrims.

Putting thrifty heads together, bridegroom Wyllys and Alida

From the bush made this possession with its roads and farms and home,

Cleared and drained and tilled the marshes, thinned the brush and dammed the river,

Leased to ruddy English settlers and to bronzed young Knickerbockers

And, in kindly simple plenty, spared not hand at loom nor plough,

Till the children growing round them had a patrimony fair

But more fair a hearty training in the honor of their toil:

"We are farmers!" each said brightly, and adjudged the title high.

At the frosts of late September laughed the scented ruddy logs,

In the mansion's central hall that ample ran from front to rear:

## THE LOYALISTS

Sparkles from their merry lengths up showered, and  
their changeful gleaming  
Roseate made the faces round them gathered for the  
social eve.  
There the sons looked in the flames and smiling spoke  
of years to come;  
There the daughters interchanged their glances, whis-  
pers, girlish jokes;  
Knitting fast in sweet content the Lady silent eyed  
their faces;  
While the Squire looked on, a thankful and a medita-  
tive man;  
And in rear by the carved stairway, round a candle sat  
black servants,  
Erst the slaves but now the freedmen, glad with  
harmless Ethiop mirth.

A portrait and a slender sword were hung above the  
glistening mantel,  
Ionic-columned, graceful wreathed and tiled in man-  
ner of the time.  
“Sir,” said Endicott the grave-voiced, weighted with  
his eighteen years,  
“Will you tell again the story of your blade above the  
mantel

## THE LOYALISTS

For the tales of war at Boston move my thoughts.  
Repeat the legend  
Of this slim and deadly steel so long now idle on the  
wall?"

Smiled the father;—then replied he: "One great scene  
that blade remembers  
Sleeplessly. In youth I wore it in the Square at  
Montreal  
Called Place d'Armes,—as strange, provincial and un-  
British as a dream.  
I was ensign then. Our lines along the west side stood  
in silence  
On the conquered soil, their muskets grasped like  
statues, and the cannon  
In their scarlet-coated centre, primed for thunder.  
Gasped and gazed  
The folk at us their hated foes, and praying women  
crammed the temple  
Standing there, with tower and belfry, a rude marvel  
of old France,—  
Refuge of their wounded souls, as sharply alien unto  
us.

Now was heard a solemn sound along the street of  
Notre Dame,

## THE LOYALISTS

Eastward faint, then near and loud, a tramp of men  
that could not speak,

Not the march of braves to battle, nor parade, but to  
the burial.

Of some mighty hope untimely rendered unto fate.  
The echo

From black walls, of house and convent, church, and  
rampart of the city,

Regular and soblike came. It checked the joy within  
our bosoms.

Then appeared a pallid column, rank on rank of men  
of sorrow,

White-uniformed, bright-musketed, and line by line  
advanced

Wheeling stony to command, and down together laid  
their arms;

Then departed, in our silence, and another and another  
Tramping in with perfect movement mutely followed.

Our commander

Stern Sir Jeffrey, with his staff, upon their chargers  
moveless sat,

Till the last battalion's weapons touched the earth.  
But as they touched it,

O'er us, with a loud and rending cry the parish church  
bell tolled:—

## THE LOYALISTS

Slow and doleful, cry on cry, it rolled the knell of  
death.  
But the clouding of that hour to us was silvered with  
the splendor  
Of the mastery of England and her greatness of  
dominion  
As we felt with swelling hearts that here was con-  
quered half the world.

God of Britain, god of mercies, what a heritage!  
Rejoiceth  
Therefore ever the leal blade in all its glory won that  
hour.  
Thus America is ours!"

## A Protest (1895)

Against Lord Salisbury's excuse for not aiding the Armenians during the massacres of Sultan Abdul the Damned,—that the Might of England was limited to a naval demonstration! (Nevertheless the great betrayer of Armenia was President Cleveland when at the crisis he paralyzed the hand of Britain by his diversion about Venezuela).

ENGLAND, if thou must set, go down in strength!

If thou, as rivals say, must soon decline,

Let it be with thy great unbroken line

Of champions of the weak! Must thou at length

Hear pratings of thy safety, when the cry

Of wronged Armenia waileth: must thou wait

While evil Turks prepare a hideous fate

For those that still in living anguish lie?

Or shalt thou say,—as we who know thee best,

Being thy children, still believe thou must;—

“O Freedom and O Conscience! take the trust

Once more of all my treasure, blood and rest;

My face to duty, though to death I bleed:

Armenia shall be solaced, fed and freed.”

But he who, leader, spoke the trembling word,

Be he not there, nor let his voice be heard.



## **II. The Great War**



## A Song of Sons

(December 5th, 1914.)

LIKE as a lioness, wounded for her whelp,  
Britannia stands, in bleeding strong disdain,  
And we for whom she bleeds, shall we not help?  
Thrills there not in us her undaunted strain?  
Yea, Motherland, we haste o'er ocean's tide,  
Eager to fight, and perish, by thy side.

The mad werewolf that covets our estate,  
And snaps his scarlet fangs, shall feel our own,  
Ne'er wert thou more magnificently great,  
Than when he deemed thee feeble and alone;  
We haste, brave Motherland, in joy and pride,  
Burning to fight and perish by thy side.

Let those mark well who think to conquer thee,  
They with a might and wealth and new emprise;  
Must also count, that grows o'er every sea,  
And is not weak, and fast to power doth rise;  
We watch fair Mother, keen o'er every tide,  
Aflame to win or perish by thy side.

## A SONG OF SONS

We shall not perish; neither yet shalt thou,  
Unsilenceable is the song of truth.  
Freedom fails not. Its star is on thy brow  
And we bring thee the deathless gift of youth.  
Yes, Motherland, we haste o'er ocean's tide,  
In love to fight and perish at thy side.

Brave Triune Mother, whence we drew our blood,  
Our liberty and every good we share.  
Whose deeds our parents tell us. Take the flood  
Of our hearts throbbing in thine hour of care.  
Dear Motherland, we come, we rise like ocean's tide.  
For freedom's cause of old to combat at thy side.

## The Young Veteran

(*of the Great War.*)

*January 30th, 1918.*

THE boyheart of the soldier!  
The friendgrip of his hand!  
They warm me like no other  
In all our hearty land.

His childlove of his mother  
Illumining his strength!  
There is no picture fairer  
In any journey's length.

His knightly eyes that measured  
Aright the New Crusade!  
I know no sunlight clearer  
Than those eyes unafraid.

The manglance of the battle,  
How terrible to Wrong!  
What promise to our country  
Rings in his victory song.

## THE YOUNG VETERAN

The Godsoul in his being  
That triumphed over death!  
Bringeth the holy Temple  
Where'er he wandereth.

## Deathless

(October 30, 1917).

(Each ripe maple leaf before it falls has at the base of its stalk a fully formed next year's leaf in shape of a bud).

### I

IN THE rugged limestone pasture  
The old hard maple glows,  
With burning tone and glory,  
Like the sun in all its sunset,  
In the rich Laurentian autumn  
The sunset of the year.

### II

At Passchendale I saw it  
When the battlefield was fading,  
And the roar of guns grew silent  
When my life stream stopped its flowing,  
I saw the old hard maple  
And her fire of leaves embraced me  
As my life fell off in glory,  
In the sunset of the year.

## DEATHLESS

### III

The old hard maple glowing  
With dying fire and splendor  
Hid at her every leafstalk,  
The perfect bud of spring,  
At the root of the leaf of glory,  
Of the dying leaf of splendor,  
The leaf of morrow year.

### IV

At Passchendale I sleep not,  
Only my leaves of autumn,  
My autumn leaves fell there,  
In the hour of farewell splendor  
In the sunset of the year,  
But when they fell I died not,  
For the wondrous spring was in me  
And the life I gave at Passchendale  
Hid the life of morrow year—  
I am here.

February 3, 1918.

## Design

**I**N THE fifth year of sacrifice and blood,  
Mid dreams of agony and doubts of God,  
And cries that screamed, again, again:  
“What is the mystery of Pain?”

One morn I was awakened by a voice  
Crying “Despair not, ye shall yet rejoice,

*“Our life is but a sample square  
Cut from a pattern vast and rare:  
Could we but see the whole design,  
We would not change a single line.”*

September, 1918.

## To France

WE KNEW thee, France, in times of peace,  
And willing sought thy gracious thrall;  
The modern heir of ancient Greece,  
The kind, the gay, the light of all;

We knew thee, yet we knew thee not,  
Sun-tressed Minerva of the Dawn!  
Till by thy dauntless side we fought  
Darkness and all its Satan-spawn!

Again shall peace and light return  
Again men's hearts shall flock to thee  
How bright thy beacons then shall burn!  
How deep our homage then shall be!

Then thou shalt build thy noblest Arch,  
Then thou shalt sing thy song supreme,  
And all the world shall join thy march  
Toward thy best and greatest dream!

May 26, 1918.

### III. The Trembling Mountain

63

3



## The Land of Manitou

*Trembling Mountain, the highest of the Laurentians, is known to the Indians as "Manitou-Ewitchi-Saga,"— "The Mountain of the Dread Manitou." Beside it is beautiful Lac Tremblant. The district is a Government Park, and no settlements exist between it and the Arctic.*

NORTH in the mountains, noblest range of all,  
Mont Tremblant reigns, far seen from many a  
height,  
And, watching from its long majestic line,  
Hidden in ancient and unconquered pines,  
And wrapt in misty distance or in clouds,  
The Manitou-Ewitchi rules the wilds.  
He watches ever, and when evil men,  
Infringe the great laws of the wilderness,  
The long range trembles. He who then defies  
Must brave the tempest crashing 'round his path,  
Rough giant hemlocks hurled towards him, hail,  
Thunders and plunging bolts of fire; huge rocks  
Torn by mad torrents hunt him, while around,  
The indignant precipice reverberates

## THE LAND OF MANITOU

Stern condemnation,  
Or if his pathway on the water be  
A sudden bright and lofty cloud appears  
Flashing like silver, racing down the lake,  
And, churning white the waves, the air, the sky,  
In universal shroud engulfs the boat.  
But those who learn the laws and them obey,  
Their breath is e'er the scent of balsam tops,  
Their drink the moss-edged, clear and ice-cold springs,  
Their wine the tonic of Auroral air,  
Their feast of eye the never-ending parks,  
Their music myriad forest birds at dawn,  
The shimmering lakes their fairy travel trails,  
Their wings the mountain top above the mist—  
They dwell within the Land of Manitou.

Whenas of old the Chief of Manitous—  
Whose mask is heaven—these lovely mountains built,  
And set this stateliest range to overtower  
Their kingdom, each a spirit He assigned  
Guard of their peace and reverence: he is felt  
At hush of eventide on every lake—  
The guardian manitou—and watches from  
Its hillside forests. Those dark gothic spires  
Of balsams rising o'er the hardwood greens,  
Denote his solemn minsters; ripples light

## THE LAND OF MANITOU

His faint-heard vespers ; healing fragrances  
His service incense. Then should men be still,  
For here is spirit and another life.

On Manitou-Ewitchi here He set  
The Eaglefeather Crown and bade his peers  
All look toward him : "He shall headchief be  
And ye his council. At the meeting times,  
With thunders, on the ridge of his domain  
Ye shall consult together." There they hold  
Assembly at his summons, in the night,—  
The dreadful Council of the Manitous.

First o'er the mountain tops their comings flash,—  
Then soundless, as in distance they advance,—  
And women say : There is some far-off storm.  
Then in their splendor lighting the high pines,  
Then, flashing in triumphant, on their winds,  
Their sudden livid moonlight floods the woods,  
Their intermittent day the darkened Lake,  
And one the other calls in thunder tones,  
Continuous, ghostly, terrible. And yet  
Entrancing.

To their Council thus they pass,  
Mystic, momentous, on the trembling Mount.

The great laws of the wilderness are these—  
Laid down in Council of the Manitous;

## THE LAND OF MANITOU

*Kill naught except for use or in defence:  
(Thou art the brother of all breathing things).  
Love the shy plant. The venerable tree  
Revere. Enjoy the gifts of Manitou  
With invocations. Scar no haunt of peace.  
Guard well the friendly but rebellious fire.*

In an old lichen-clad and sunken down  
To immemorial stone, mist-veiled Ewitchi  
Took up his realm. He first passed everywhere  
Over the bare new ridge of the great mount  
And sister hills and vales, the crisp gray frame  
Of the Laurentians, treeless, waterless,  
Streaked granite squeezed in mighty molten waves  
From Earth's first flaming agonies, then torn  
By titan icebergs, cold, ferocious, strong.  
He having well considered, felt it best  
To lay upon that harsh and rugged frame  
His fur robe soft and beautiful: since then  
The velvets of the mosses clothe the rocks  
With broidery and sheens and kneedeep pile.  
Then taking of his feather ornaments  
He gave their crowns of rockfern to the stones  
And strewed in hollows bracken and maiden hair.  
The opens paved he with close-woven mats—  
The scarlet bunches of the pigeon-berry

## THE LAND OF MANITOU

In serried carpet, here and there relieved  
By dark blue porcelain aconites, and by  
Wax wintergreen, and close embroidery  
Of dainty checkerberry hiding pearls;  
And in the deepest, most secluded woods,  
He made two flowers of magic, fair and wise;  
One is the ghostflower, flower of manitous  
Pure in its soul as its white waxen form,  
The symbol of the spirits' pipe of peace;  
The other, known as La Fleur Ecartante,  
Mottled and hidden, has the mystic power  
That whoso steps upon it shall be lost.  
Then to the heights he called the chiefs of trees.—  
The pine to watch and the red spruce to guard,—  
Marshalled the forests in their serried tribes  
Each in his rank, sungazing on the hills;  
Set in the hollows lonely mirror lakes;  
Poured out the woodland streams and waterfalls,  
The river and the heron-haunted marsh,  
Then last of his imaginings he formed  
Beside the glorious range its glorious Lake  
Along the feet of the long mountain drew  
Its firm bright line of polished metal sheen,  
By its vast lustre doubling the design,  
And opposite, with large pictorial bays,  
Capes garrisoned with ever-watchful woods,

## THE LAND OF MANITOU

And islands, lent discovery and romance.  
Then forth he sent a fragrant breeze, that bore  
His invitation far. The gentle deer  
Stopped, lifted quivering nostrils, inly saw  
The hemlock-crested bluffs, the wildwood trails,  
The brookside meads, the mists on meres at dawn,  
And followed that good breeze; the moose divined  
Bays of sweet lily pad, and came; the bear  
Saw wild rock-caves and luscious raspberries;  
All furry tribes ran trustful to the call,—  
As infants give themselves to loving eyes,  
So he assembled bird and beast and fish.  
Only the wolf, the outlaw of the world,  
Was uninvited.

Thus peopled he the Land of Manitou.  
Ages untold dreamed on in fair content.  
The children of Ewitchi lived his laws,  
Basked on his blufftops, waded in his creeks,  
And trustful in the pleasant dream of life  
Passed trustful to the pleasant dream of death.  
The trees unnumbered gloried in the sun,  
Clematis crept, white trilliums flowered and fell,  
Sedge and red mountain laurel watched by streams,  
In sandy bays the waterlilies shone,  
The speckled trout inhabited his nooks  
The grey his deeps, innumerable schools

## THE LAND OF MANITOU

Of fry forged merrily along the shores  
Where ran the prudent mink, and flocks of ducks,  
Contented sailed and silent herons fished,  
While bright kingfishers flew from tree to tree,  
And nights rang with the insistent whippoorwill.

Millions of years they lived their busy lives,  
Enchanted by Ewitchi.

### Yesterday—

Yesterday to those countless years of life—  
Came the first man—as if he owned it all,  
One of a brutal race, untribal chief  
By murder right, of thankless offspring fierce,  
And by the heron-haunted marsh he lit  
His fire that frightened—and began to slay:—  
Slew the great-hearted bear, the graceful deer  
The painted trout, the whippoorwill, the loon—  
That laughing fluter in the lonely bays,  
Then the kind beaver, loved by manitous,—  
The blameless beaver, slew he in their house,  
And roared “Ewitchi is not chief, but I,”  
The weeping beaver the Blue Heron prayed  
“Go tell our Father”: the Blue Heron told  
The Eagle Gray, Ewitchi’s messenger.  
So from his summits the Ewitchi looked  
And as the master of that low-browed clan

## THE LAND OF MANITOU

Defiant slaughter spread, a cloud arose  
Pillared, colossal, black, the great range shook  
With wrathful tremblings, and the wicked horde  
Fell crushed beneath the windfalls of the storm.

Therefore the kindlier Red Man later feared  
The Trembling Mountain—feared with reverent head  
And murmured “Manitou-Ewitchi-Saga”—  
“The Mountain of the Dreaded Manitou”  
And still the mountain shakes when thoughtless souls  
Defy the great laws of the wilderness  
And still the children of Ewitchi live  
His will, and wait the passing of brief Man.

## The Shebear

THE Shebear of the Palisades kens from her cliffside ledge:  
She kens the forests far below, the great Lake's sandy edge,  
She kens the capes, the piny isles, the towering misty range—  
The Trembling Mountain long and dread—in every mood of change,  
She breathes the rare wind sweeping from the resins of the wild  
Far forests that a cobbled heel has never yet defiled;  
And everywhere her soul she feasts, and evermore keeps watch  
Over the Peak's aspiring crag, the fair woods of the Notch—  
To few 'tis given in all the world to feast on scenes so fair—  
The deer perchance that haunt the hills, the eagle and the bear.  
  
And sometimes in the night she calls her kin upon the peak,

## THE SHEBEAR

And sometimes croons to soothe her cubs when in  
affright they shriek,  
And ever it is her delight to watch the dawning bloom  
To ruddy splendor o'er the Trembling Mountain's  
haughty gloom  
And see the shining mists below drift on and fading  
break,  
While through them half the isles appear and half the  
burnished Lake.

And when the range in majesty stands up in noon tide  
sun,  
Her heart is filled with unknown joy; but when the  
day is done  
And carmine lights entint the heights she gazes in her  
awe,  
And feels as though a nobler air her glossy nostrils  
draw,  
And when she marks, on the world's rim, the giant  
northern moon  
And each large star that shines a path upon the Lake  
in June  
And down into the mystic woods leads, with her tender  
croon  
Her children to the silent brink and where the berries  
wait;

## THE SHEBEAR

What silver lights among the glooms are weft in her  
estate.

And later in her glorious year, the pageant meets her  
eyes

Of all the hillsides burst aflame with fire of Paradise,  
And all the angels sing therein, and God himself  
descends,

And round her in her creedless faith, His heaven on  
earth extends.

## Commandant's Isle

*(Chief Commandant was the last Indian resident at Lac Tremblant.)*

LAST of your tribe and long departed hence,  
Algonkin brave, here unto whom was given,  
To close the chapter of primeval man.  
Each night returning to your cedared isle  
I see your fire upon the Sandy Point,—  
The stick-supported pot, the shadowy lodge,  
The deerskin soaking by the shore, the gleam  
Of trout, the ghostly smoke, and round the glow,  
The ruddy, blackhaired children, turned to you  
Their other sun, and you recounting lore.

What ancient legends of the wilderness!  
What doomsday record of old valiant chiefs!  
What explanations of some pictured rock  
Or carven pine! What battles in the woods,  
Centuries ago, with the Bad Iroquois!  
What ghostly tales of giant windigoes,—  
Cunning man-eaters, black and terrible,  
Long-following, undesisting,—vanquished now,—  
By sign of cross, and of man-hunger dead—

## COMMANDANT'S ISLE

Only their shrivelled bodies here and there  
Described among gaunt trunks of blackened trees.

And then upon the glowing logs you cast  
The sacred leaves, and as the incense mounts  
The stories of Ewitchi you retell,  
Pointing to the faint moondawn on the heights.  
Full of the sense of spirit you and yours  
Familiarly knew the living fays  
We call the flowers, each as full of joy  
As full of beauty, each with speaking voice  
And hearing ear, and when its sleeptime comes  
Ready to dream, and rise another spring.  
To you the forests were all breathing men,  
Fair women and loved children :—even the chase  
A strife of cousins, preordained in rites.

You were Ewitchi's children like the rest,  
Part of his ordered subjects :—all your hours  
Moved with celestial dial hands, the dawn  
Noon, sunset, evening, night ; the birchbark frail  
Of your life sailed on beauty as a lake:  
Princes you were of all to be desired.

Commandant—it was almost yesterday  
Your fire glowed on the Sandy Point. To-day  
Your spirit only, haunts the cedared isle.  
Who is the dream? Is it ourselves or you?

## COMMANDANT'S ISLE

Dreamland you left us. Is there chance the mist  
Some morn may lift and your canoe be seen—  
Gumsewn, with ochre eye upon its prow—  
Forth setting to your traps in Fleurant Bay?  
Or might it be your earliest ancestor?  
Who first, a hundred thousand years ago  
Came paddling up the wide and silent Lake  
Gazing in wonder at the mighty Mount.  
And to Ewitchi made his sacrifice,  
And cut his birchen poles and built his lodge  
And lit his fire upon the Sandy Point  
As you and all your fathers since have done.

Calm rest to you, Algonkin! May your lot  
Be cast in scenes as lovely as this isle  
That sits above its double on the Lake,  
Its greatest charm these memories of you.

## Fleurant Bay

**C**HILDREN'S hero, dean of guides,  
Famous through the Laurentides!

Moïse of the hundred bears,  
Curious baits and cunning snares,  
Plumtree planter in wild spaces,  
Sweet-william sower in camping places,  
Moïse Fleurant, voyageur,  
Good companion, raconteur!

When we left the haunts of moil  
Fed with fashion, pale with toil,  
And our footsteps felt the sand,  
Of the fair Ewitchi strand,  
What cheery hail you gave us first!  
Then the little merry burst  
Of the aerated wit,  
And catching laughter when it hit,  
Then you soothed away our cares,  
Gathering our gear and wares,  
Led us sailing after you  
In your treasured birch canoe  
To some sunflecked solitude

## FLEURANT BAY

Of the universal wood,  
Poled the tent and struck the fire  
In the forest of desire;  
  
Told us of the settler's child  
Whose brave father dared the wild,  
Axe for fortune, faring forth  
Into the unroaded north,  
How kind redmen shewed the youth  
Their ancestral mines of truth.  
Made him keen of mind and sight  
Till he learned to read aright  
Where the bear his footmark left,  
Or the balsam's bark had reft,  
Where the herons rear their brood,  
In the gaunt-armed lofty wood,  
Lore of every plant and tree  
And the myriad fantasy  
Of primeval totem stories  
And the ancient tribal glories;—  
Hence your never-dull delight  
When you found us ghost-flower white,  
Or the ribbed-leaved food of moose,  
Or the shrub the Indians use  
For the painted calumet,

## FLEURANT BAY

Leadwood, or the goldtwine plant,  
Or the fateful ecartante.

Moïse of the hundred bears  
Cunning baits and clever snares  
Many a savage glen and glade  
Saw the daring feats you played—  
Saw you furious Bruin meet—  
Skilful lay him at your feet.

Moïse, honest, simple, wise,  
The clear lake was in your eyes,  
The big mountains in your soul,  
Strong and manly was your worth,  
The quintessence of the North,  
And as artless Nature's man,  
You were of Ewitchi's clan.

## The Galahads

AT SUMMER'S noon upon the wilds there crept  
An evil shadow, and the wind stood still;  
The parks eternal shivered; in the camps  
The children's laughter hushed, and 'round the board  
Lurked close that shadow of the Prussian crime.  
The great star Lucifer had dropt from heaven—  
A race, once honored, boasted in the mire  
Of theft and murder; Goethe's crown of light  
Rolled from Germania's brow; Kant's majesty  
Of skylike conscience like a sky crashed down;  
And in the peace of the remotest woods  
Reverberated those foul boasts of shame.

Yet faint above the din, on ether borne,  
A clear voice rang the ancient battle cries:  
"Freedom and honor! truth and chivalry!  
St. George, defend thy pledges unto death!  
St. George, defend the weak, and save the world!"  
And all true sons of Britain felt it vain  
To live, unless as British knights of old,  
Then lo! with reverence and pride we saw  
The knights of old appear,—Sir Galahads,

## THE GALAHADS

None purer, none more brave. They had been known  
Till then but as the schoolboys of the camps,  
Carefree and merry, warming elder blood  
By pranks of diving, reckless climbing feats  
Up sheerest precipices. Trackless wilds  
Knew them as tenters. The shy beaver heard  
Their paddles unafraid. Widely they ranged  
The peaks and dales uncharted, seeking risks  
For love of danger and the jest with Death.  
Skilled by adventure in a score of arts  
Their strength they stinted not to all that asked.  
Pleasant they were to look on, clean their speech  
And honest-eyed the cheerful countenance.  
Ewitchi claimed them. His enchantments fell  
Upon them in his woods and ridges wild;  
He loved and sent them dreams, asleep, awake,  
And spun light threads to reach them o'er the world;  
All his rare beauty was their heritage,  
And in their hearts he left his mystic call.

Yesterday they were children. Scarcely yet  
Knew we they needed less our tender care,  
Until some grave look or some manly deed  
Warned us the soul was ripe. We pondered then.

So came the world's great need and Honor's call,  
And silent, modest, up they rose to serve,—

## THE GALAHADS

Then in our wonder we beheld them men  
And saw the Knights of Arthur's Table stand  
Before us in their sacred panoply.  
Little they said and naught delayed their going,  
Farewells to launch, canoe, fair lake and range,  
A tender word to Mother, and forth they fared,  
As thousands like them fared from lake and stream,  
Crusaders of the Grail. Rude knights were some  
But knightly all: God loves all faithful men.

Their deeds are written on the sun. What need  
To tell again how,—equals with the best  
Of Britain's and of France's chivalry—  
(Equals of those at Mons who taught the hordes  
Trusting in guns and numbers, what soldiers were;  
Equals of those who at Verdun stood firm  
In the long storms of fire);—what need to tell  
How ours broke Prussia's heart of cruel pride  
At Ypres, Festubert and Courcellette!

Galahads of the camps! For this you learnt  
The fearless life and strenuous company  
Of the wild North, contempt of hurt and cold,  
Joy of unmeasured contest, wit to meet  
Emergency, deft skill and steady nerve.  
What seemed but sport was training, and the best  
Was inner,—loyal will and heart humane.

## THE GALAHADS

And in your battles you remembered oft  
The mountains of the Land of Manitou.  
Some shall return with honor, henceforth called  
The heroes of the world. But where are those  
Who never shall return?

They saw the Grail  
And were caught up to heaven. Where is Lysle,  
With eyes of sunlight ever brimming mirth,  
Magnet of every heart? Where Edward kind  
Who knew no bounds to faithfulness, and bore,  
Three times shell-buried, that message to his chief?  
Alas! to earthly eyes they sleep afar  
In fields of glory famed to end of time.  
Yet ever shall they clothe these leafy hills  
With visions of the noblest deeds of men  
And hold before Canadian youths to come  
The quest eternal of the Holy Grail.



## IV. Philosophic



## The Palmer

O SOLEMN clime to which my spirit looks,  
No more will I the path to thee defer,—  
Worn here with search—a too sad wanderer,—  
The dance-tune spent, surpassed the sacred books,  
And spurned that city's walls where I did plan  
A thousand lives, unwitting I was pent;  
As though my thousand lives could be content  
With any vista in the bounds of man!

Eternal clime, our exile is from thee!  
Flood o'er thy portals like the tender morn!  
Receive! receive! and let us new be born!  
We are thy substance—spirit of thy degree—  
Mist of thy bliss—fire, love, infinity!  
And only by some mischance from thee torn.

## The Artist's Prayer

I KNOW thee not, O Spirit fair!  
O Life and flying Unity  
Of Loveliness! Must man despair  
Forever in his chase of thee!

When snowy clouds flash silver-gilt,  
Then feel I that thou art on high!  
When fire o'er all the west is spilt,  
Flames at its heart thy majesty.

Thy beauty basks on distant hills;  
It smiles in eve's wine-colored sea;  
It shakes its light on leaves and rills;  
In calm ideals it mocks at me;

Thy glances strike from many a lake  
That lines through woodland scapes a sheen;  
Yet to thine eyes I never wake:—  
They glance, but they remain unseen.

I know thee not, O Spirit fair!  
Thou fillest heaven: the stars are thee:  
Whatever fleets with beauty rare  
Fleets radiant from thy mystery.

## THE ARTIST'S PRAYER

Forever thou art near my grasp;  
Thy touches pass in twilight air;  
Yet still—thy shapes elude my clasp:—  
I know thee not, thou Spirit fair!

O Ether, proud, and vast, and great,  
Above the legions of the stars!  
To this thou art not adequate;—  
Nor rainbow's glorious scimitars.

I know thee not, thou Spirit sweet!  
I chained pursue, while thou art free.  
Sole by the smile I sometimes meet  
I know thou, Vast One, knowest me.

In old religions hadst thou place:  
Long, long, O Vision, our pursuit!  
Yea, monad, fish and childlike brute  
Through countless ages dreamt thy grace.

Grey nations felt thee o'er them tower;  
Some clothed thee in fantastic dress;  
Some thought thee as the unknown Power,  
I, e'er the unknown Loveliness.

To all, thou wert as harps of joy;  
To bard and sage their fulgent sun:  
To priests their mystic life's employ;  
But unto me the Lovely One.

## THE ARTIST'S PRAYER

Veils clothed thy might; veils draped thy charm;  
The might they tracked, but I the grace;  
They learnt all forces were thine Arm,  
I that all beauty was thy Face.

Night spares us little. Wanderers we.  
Our rapt delights, our wisdoms rare  
But shape our darknesses of thee,—  
We know thee not, thou Spirit fair!

Would that thine awful Peerlessness  
An hour could shine o'er heaven and earth  
And I the maddening power possess  
To drink the cup,—O Godlike birth!

All life impels me to thy search:  
Without thee, yea, to live were null;  
Still shall I make the dawn thy Church,  
And pray thee "God the Beautiful."

## The Wind-Chant

*The Soul, the inner, immortal Ruler.—Hindu Upanishad.*

“WITCH-LIKE, see it planets roll,  
Hear it from the cradle call—  
Nature?—Nature is the soul;  
That alone is aught and all.  
Grieved or broken though the song,  
The fount of music is elate,  
For the Soul is ever strong,  
For the Soul is ever great.”

“For the Soul is ever great!”—  
Songless sat I by a grove,  
Pines, like funeral priests of state,  
Chanted solemn rites above.  
Dark and glassy far below,  
The River in his proud vale slept,  
Eve with olive-shafted bow  
Like a stealthy archer crept.

Why, O Masters, then I thought,  
Is the mantle yours, of song?  
Why with hours like this do not  
Glorious strains to *all* belong?

## THE WIND-CHANT

Why *all* choosing, why *all* ban?  
    Why are lords, and why are slaves  
And the most of gentle man  
    Clipt and harried to their graves?  
Foiled and ruined, masses die  
    That one fair and noble be.  
Why are all not Masters? Why  
    So unjust is Life's decree?  
  
Why are poor and why are rich?  
    Why are slaves and why are lords?  
Unto this the splendid niche:  
    Those caste damneth in their words.  
Do not powers of evil reign?  
    Do not flashes storms make dread?  
Should not He of Life again  
    Bring the just peace of the dead?  
  
Oft the Pines, like priests of state,  
    Have spoke the heavenly word to man;  
So above me as I sate  
    Æol voices chanting ran:  
“For the Soul is ever great  
    For the Soul is ever strong;  
In the murmur it can wait—  
    In the shortest sight see long.

## THE WIND-CHANT

"Not a yearning but is proof  
Thou art yet its aim to own:  
Thou the warp art and the woof,  
Not the woof or warp alone.  
Couldst thou drop the lead within  
To the bottom of Thyself,  
All the World—and God—and Sin—  
And Force—and Ages—were that Elf.

"With thy breathing goes all breath,  
With thy striving goes all strife,  
In thy being, deep as death,  
Lies the largeness of all life.  
The world is but thy deepest wish,  
The phases thereof are thy dream;  
They that hunt or plough or fish  
Are of thee the out-turned seam.

"Helpless, thou hast every power,  
In thee greatness perfect sleeps—  
And thou comest to thy dower,  
And thy strength perennial keeps.  
Stir the Aeol harp elate!  
Make a triumph of its song,  
For the Soul is ever great,  
For the Soul is ever strong!"

## THE WIND-CHANT

Rushings cool as of a breeze  
Amened to their litany  
In their pure sky smiled the trees;  
And no more was mystery.  
Clear I saw the Soul at work,  
All through fair Saint Francis vale,  
Beauty-making; like a dirk  
Peering bright amid the mail.

Vital the dark River wound,  
Glassy in his cool repose;  
Many a bird-like country sound  
As the Soul-voice upward rose.  
Then as in a glass I knew  
*I* was vale and town and stream,  
Shadowed grove and northern blue  
And the stars that 'gan to gleam.

This was I, and all was mine.  
Mine—yea, ours—the grace and might,  
With the lordship of a line  
That laughs at any earthly knight.  
Ah, what music then I heard!  
What conceptions then I saw!  
Master-thoughts within me stirred,  
And there flashed the Master-law.

## THE WIND-CHANT

Next them did the greatest shapes  
Of Angelo crowd in a dream:—  
Vain the grace that marble drapes;  
A village mason's these did seem.

But—the light from Angelo's eye

That so deeply eager burns

With its fierce sincerity!—

Ah, the ancient saw returns:

"Greater artist than his art;"

Meaning: greater yet than he

Is the vast outfeeling Heart

In him lying like the sea.

With a sudden eagle-stroke

How this truth can lift one wide.

Then he sees the sublime joke

Of humility and pride;

For the Soul is *ever* great,

The one Soul within us all:

One the tone that shakes a state

With the helpless cradle-call.

Yes, that wonder of the Soul

Is the riddle of it all,

And the answer, and the whole,

Bright with joy that rends the pall.

## THE WIND-CHANT

Brother-man, I pray you stand,  
    Hear a minstrel; but the song  
If you do not understand,  
    Pass and do not do it wrong.

## Love-Song

THOUGH others plight for pride or gain,  
And mix the cup of love;  
Theirs be the duller troth, the stain;  
Ours the sweet stars approve.  
My riches, love, they shall be thou;  
My pride, thy love for me:  
No diamond fairer decks a brow  
Than thine sincerity.

Though ours be tenements, not towers,  
Theirs, lawns and halls of ease,  
Beloved, 'tis heaven, not gold, is ours,  
And the realities.  
No sordid wish doth make us one,  
But love, love, love.  
O surely, surely, that is done  
Which the sweet stars approve.

## Our Underlying Existence

O FOOL, that wisdom dost despise,  
Thou knowest not, thou canst not guess  
Another part of thee is wise  
And silent sees thy foolishness.

Yet, fool, how dare I pity thee  
Because my heart reveres the sages;  
The fool lies also deep in me;  
We all are one beneath the ages.

## A Problem

O NCE, in the University of Life,  
*Remember and Inquire*, my old Professors,  
A question hard requested me to solve:  
“How can man’s love be great and be eternal  
If Right forewarns he may be called to leave it:  
Whether should Love rule Duty and be all,  
Or Duty turn his back on sweet Love crying?”

I paused—then spoke, not having what to answer:  
“Ye know, Professors, how to utter problems  
And man perplex with his own elements.  
Yet I believe the ways ye teach are perfect  
And able are you what ye set to solve.—  
Admiring you, however, aids me nothing,  
I speak because I have not what to answer.”  
“Ponder,” they said, those quiet, sage Professors.

I had seen Love—O Vision, I was near thee  
When Death refused that I should speak with thee!  
And I had seen her soft eyes’ trustful brightness  
Wondrous look down into the soul of many  
And lead it out and make it of eternity.  
Yes, truly, in her look men find true being!—  
What ruin if such being must be withered!

## A PROBLEM

I had seen Duty—soldier of his God—  
Of Virtue and of Order sentinel—  
Grand his firm count’nance with obedience.  
His troth to Love would everlasting be  
Or nothing. What then should commanding orders  
Bid him have done with her and all renounce?  
How can he look on Love and know this shadow?

“I see no answer,” answered I dejected,  
“Except that either Love must be abased,  
Or he resign perfection in his calling.”

“Nay,” said they, but by strange, clear apparatus  
(Whereof within that College there is much)  
Gave illustration—paraphrased as follows:

“Thou hast not reckoned for eternity.  
The True fears not Forever: fear thou not.  
Duty and Love are noble man and wife  
(If otherwise thou see them ’tis illusion),  
'Tis she sends Duty forth with dear embrace  
And proudest of his battle through her tears  
Encourages: ‘Regard me not but strike!’  
And ‘If thou must depart alas, depart!  
Follow thy noblest, I am ever true!’  
He strikes and presses, sending back his heart  
As forward moves his foot on the arena;

## A PROBLEM

Or marches bravely far and far, until  
Hope of return as mortal disappears:  
This should true soul endure, though everlasting—  
But then, besides, we know that One has mercy."

## To a Fellow-Student of Kant

THE sweet star of the Bethlehem night  
Beauteous guides and true,  
And still, to me and you  
With only local, legendary light.

For us who hither look with eyes afar  
From constellations of philosophy,  
All light is from the Cradle; the true star,  
Serene o'er distance, in the Life we see.

## To the Soul

AN ODE OF EVOLUTION.

O LARK aspire!

Aspire forever, in thy morning sky!—  
Forever soul, beat bravely, gladly, higher,  
And sing and sing that sadness is a lie.

Forever, soul, achieve!

Droop not an instant into sloth and rest.  
Live in a changeless moment of the best  
And lower heights to Heaven forgotten leave.

Man still will strive,

Delight of battle leaped within his sires.

They laughed at death; and Life was all alive:  
In him not blood it seeks, but vast desires.

He wakens from a dream:

Reviews the forms he fought in ages gone—  
He or his ancestors, their shapes are one:—  
And also of himself the forms he battled seem.

He sees the truth!

“I wrestled with myself, and rose to strength.  
Still be that progress mine!—I see at length  
All World, all Soul are one, all ages youth!”

## Eben Picken, Bookseller

PICKEN of Beaver Hall, what modest hand,  
Or thoughtless, wrote thy sign? "Bookseller"  
thou

Forsooth! Though goodly word it be, and graced  
By learning, honor, men of fair repute.  
Not this the operation of thy days,  
No barter thought, no views of bank account,  
Silver and bills, profit, advertisement;  
Not this thy avocation—but to lead  
The novice soul along the temple path  
To the hid shrine, the thirsty heart to find  
Some quenching draft, the world's delights to lift  
Before the unthinking. Gentle Levite thou  
Of Art and Wisdom and Humanity  
And the inclusive ONE. To thee we fare  
To meet the souls of poets, and converse  
With sages, known or called from quarters strange  
By thy skilled wand. That unpretentious door  
Leads where wise Plato visits still the earth  
And Shakespeare calls his airy host to view:  
Ah, what a world is there, delectable,

## EBEN PICKEN, BOOKSELLER

Serene, of perfect grace, the land of Thought!  
There in their kingly ranks the Masters walk  
By crocus-edged Kephisos' sleepless stream  
Along the cypress paths. There Socrates,  
Virgil and Zarathustra, Francis mild,  
Memlinc and Angelo and Angelico,  
The bard of Faust and he of Paradise—  
Heroes and saints innumerable appear,  
While in their converse he who will takes part  
And thou art friend and guide. Assuredly  
'Tis blessed to be thus amid a world  
Mad after fruit of ashes, running fast  
Because the rest are running, blind and deaf  
And needing quiet voices like to thine.

## Van Horne

*January 2, 1916.*

O F STORIED race, yet claiming not descent,  
Merit the sole nobility of men  
He held. And first, the merit of the heart.  
His will of bronze, though such as Cæsar's own,  
Fit for imperial conquests, to whose force  
Grim Nature bowed her Rockies; his vast brain,  
Ingenious, swift, wide-ranging; fount of wit  
That turned the gravest graybeards into boys;  
Energy sleepless; even his subtle love  
Of Beauty, and acquaintanceship with her;  
The artist hand; the artist soul and eye  
That saw the loveliness the careless pass,—  
(The fair reality of our human dower)—  
All these his gifts were less than one supreme,  
The bigness of his heart.

Around his bier

Assembled all the leaders of the land,  
Bent heads mid banks of flowers. But obscure,  
In lowly hall upon a humble street

## VAN HORNE

The Colored People weeping mourned his loss,  
And gently said: "He was our greatest friend."  
Van Horne, the best friend of the lowliest!  
What prouder title can descent afford?  
Thou wert the exemplar of thy chosen rule.

## The Order

**T**O-NIGHT thy soul," the Chairman said,  
"Of thee shall be required,  
A poem write.  
It is desired,  
To-morrow in the double lead  
Thus long—thus wide—  
Timely and bright."

Then by the drear tumultuous riverside  
Of Babylon the poet lifted  
Fain hands unto a harp that, hanging there,  
Dreamed, whispered, sang.  
To every spirit that past drifted,  
His thought, his wraith, his own imagined air,  
In mirrors of soft music, sweet and fair.  
"Nay!" sang that harp (His wraith did in it ring),  
"Nay!" thrilled that harp, "when thou dost truly sing,  
It is not thou.  
The lilt, the rhyme, the tones, that tremulant cling,  
Are of another Voice;  
And not in labor of the pen nor brow,  
Acknowledge these their gauge."

## THE ORDER

"Th' Aeolian harmonies, the springs of sacred rage,  
The vasty whispers from the starry land.  
The surf-roar of the universal Mind,  
Are as wild horses of the wind,  
That leap the stone walls of Command  
And slip the lariats of Choice."

## Too-Much-Gold River

FOR up the precipiced Klondyke,  
In the Arctic drear, we are told,  
There speeds a mysterious river,  
"The River of Too-Much-Gold."

O say, ye powers of darkness!  
Did the Yukon Indians dream  
The longing they roused in our heart-chords  
When they named us that hidden stream?

There was once an El Dorado  
Men crazed their lives to behold;  
But what was the merely Golden  
To the River of Too Much Gold?

O if we could stand on its border,  
And, after our sacks were distent,  
Kick round us still beaches of nuggets,  
Would we feel we could then be content?  
  
Would we feel, as we shouldered our million,  
Pledge of pleasures ten thousand fold,  
That even then this River  
Was a River of Too Much Gold?

## TOO-MUCH-GOLD RIVER

Or when will the heart of mortal  
Be ready to cry "Enough!"  
And what is the use of the struggle  
For the "stuff" if it does not stuff?

But however it be, I am longing,  
As though it would free me from care,  
For the banks of that Arctic River  
And a little of what is there.



## V. Imaginative and Early Verse



## Imitated from the Japanese

"*I have forgotten to forget.*"—Japanese song.

THE morning flies, the evening dies;  
The heat of noon, the chills of night,  
Are but the dull varieties  
Of Phœbus' and of Phœbe's flight—  
Are but the dull varieties  
Of ruined night and ruined day;  
They bring no pleasure to mine eyes,  
For I have sent my soul away.

I am the man who cannot love,  
Yet once my heart was bright as thine,  
The suns that rove, the moons that move,  
No longer make its chambers shine;  
No more they light the spirit face  
That lit my night and made my day;  
No maiden feet with mine keep pace  
For I have sent my soul away.

O, lost! I think I see thee stand  
By Mary's ivied chapel door,  
Where once thou stood'st, and with thy hand  
Wring pious pain, as once before.

## IMITATED FROM THE JAPANESE

Impatient, crude philosopher,  
I scorned thy gentle wisdom's ray.  
All vain thy moistened eyelids were;  
I sent my soul and thee away.

A causeless wrath, a mood of pride,  
Some tears of thine, and all was done;  
On alien plains I travelled wide  
And thou wert soon a veiled nun.  
Not long a veiled nun, but soon  
Unveiled of linen and of clay;  
And I am March from June to June,  
For I have sent my soul away.

For now when I would love thee well,  
There sits alone within my breast  
Calm guilt that dare not from its hell  
Look up and wish the thing thou art.  
I see a dreadful gulf of fright  
Beneath my falling life; and gray,  
Thy light becomes the ghost of light  
Above it as it falls away.

I have a life, a voice, a form,  
A skilful hand to lift and turn,  
I have emotions like a storm,  
A brain to throb, a heart to burn;

## IMITATED FROM THE JAPANESE

But that which Jesus' blood can save,  
Which looks toward eternal day,  
Is gone before me to the grave.—  
It was my soul I sent away.

The past is past, and o'er its woe  
It is no comfort to repine;  
But I would wage my life to know  
Thy feet in heaven keep pace with mine.  
I have no hope, I will not weep,  
The only wish that wish I may  
Is this, that I may find asleep  
The soul I thought I sent away.

## The Knight Errant

CLOUD TO WIND.

O BLOW, blow high, for I descend;  
Friend must go to meet his friend,  
If to earth you tie your feet  
You and I will never meet.

WIND.

Nay, I haste. A trifle wait;  
I exceed my usual gait.  
Ha! this hill-top is sublime,  
But it makes me pant to climb.

CLOUD.

Once again, a little space,  
Meet we in this Alpine place,  
Before you leap adown the vale  
Or I along my pathway sail.

WIND.

Then let our little bell of time  
Ring onward with a chatty chime—

## THE KNIGHT ERRANT

How we have fled o'er earth and sky,  
And what you saw and what saw I.

### CLOUD.

O, I from off my couch serene,  
Woods, meadows, towns and seas have seen;  
And in one wood, beside a cave,  
A hermit kneeling by a grave:—  
The which I felt so touched to see  
I wept a shower of sympathy.  
And in one mead I saw, methought,  
A brave, dark-armored knight, who fought  
A shining dragon in a mist,  
That, mixed with flames did roll and twist  
Out of the beast's red mouth—a breath  
Of choking, blinding, sulphurous death,  
On which I shot my thickest rain  
And made the conflict fair again.  
And from one town I heard the swell  
Of a loud, melancholy bell,  
That past me rose in flames of sound  
And up to Saint Cecilia wound.  
And on one sea I saw a ship  
Bend out its full-fed sails and slip  
So light, so gladly o'er the tide  
I could not help but look inside—

## THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Its passengers were groom and bride.  
I floated o'er them snowily,  
They felt my beauty in the sky,  
Their eyes, their souls, their joy were one,  
I would not cross their happy sun.  
I love this life of calm and use—  
No bonds but windy ribbons loose,  
No gifts to ask but all to give,  
Secure Elysium fugitive.

### WIND.

Your life, though, drinks not half the wine  
Of active gladness that doth mine;  
I spread my wings and stretch my arms  
Over a dozen hedged farms;  
I breast steep hills, through pine-groves rush,  
Rock birds' nests, yet no fledgling crush,  
Tossing the grain-fields everywhere,  
The trees, the grass, the school-girl's hair,  
Whirling away her laugh the while—  
(We breezes love the children's smile);  
And then I lag and wander down  
Among the roofs and dust of town,  
Bearing cool draughts from lake and moor  
To fan the faces of the poor,  
While sick babes, stifled half to death,

## THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Grow rosy at my country breath.  
I lent a shoulder to your ship;  
I moaned with that sad hermit's lip;  
I helped disperse the dragon's mist,  
And some bell's voice, 'twas yours I wist,  
I handed up to winds on high  
Who wing a loftier flight than I.  
But, hark! a rider leaves the vale.

CLOUD.

Ah, yes, I catch the gleam of mail.

RANDOLPH.

O speak again ye voicéd ghosts!  
I heard afar your cheerful boasts,  
And, if I doubt not, ye are they  
That here have met me many a day.

WIND.

We are they.

CLOUD, (echoing).

We are they.  
But whither now doth Randolph stray,  
And why the mail, and why the steed?

## THE KNIGHT ERRANT

RANDOLPH.

This is my father's mail indeed,  
Bequeathed with message to his son:  
"Stand straight in it and yield to none."

WIND.

But whither off and why away?

RANDOLPH.

Off to the world; I cannot stay—  
That world I have so often viewed  
Here from this upper solitude—  
This bulwark barring strife and trade.  
Love calls me off. I love a maid,  
Loving her silently and long,  
Learning for her to hate the wrong,  
Learning for her to seek the right,  
To hew at sloth and faint resolve  
And thoughts that round but self revolve,  
And pray for grace and virtue—wings  
That bear men to the highest things,  
Enwrapt and rising into light.  
For her, for her, O Cloud and Wind!  
I trained my limbs and taught my mind,  
Ran, wrestled, clomb, and learned to bend

## THE KNIGHT ERRANT

The cross-bow with each village friend;  
And by my hermit-guardian spent  
The earliest dimness morning lent,  
And the faint torch that evening bore,  
In science and in saintly lore,  
Reading the stars and signs of rain,  
Noting each tree and herb and grain;  
Each bird that flutters through the leaves,  
Each beast, each fish that green lake cleaves,  
The curious deeds Devotion paints  
In missals and in lives of saints,  
And every olden subtle trick  
Of grammar, logic, rhetoric.  
But most on chivalry I turned  
A torrent eagerness, and burned  
To hear of wrong repaired, or read  
The working of some famous deed,  
Like those I dreamt that I could do  
When what I set myself was through:  
Vexed lest the inward clock of fate  
That ticked "Too soon!" might tick "Too late!"  
But now that dial points the hour  
When I must test my gathered power,  
And leave my books and leave my dreams  
Of steeds and towers and knightly themes,  
Of tourney gay and woodland quest,

## THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Of Perceval and Perceforest,  
Of Richard, Arthur, Charlemain,  
Amadis and the Cid of Spain—  
Must leave them all and seek alone  
Some grand adventure of my own.

### CLOUD.

Yet if you seek and cannot find  
Or fail to work what you designed,  
Be it but as the steadfast sun  
Who bright or dim his course doth run,  
And last doth reach as far a spot  
Whether he seems to shine or not.

### RANDOLPH.

The height, the fynial of my aim  
*Is to be worthy of her name.*

### CLOUD.

You mortals are a curious race—  
More whirled by passions, hot in chase  
Of passions, than myself am whirled  
When tempests tug me o'er the world;  
I cannot understand your ways.  
We clouds live our divinest days

## THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Beneath great sunny depths of sky,  
High above all that you think high,  
Drifting through sunset's surf of gold,  
Dawn-lakes and moonlight's clear waves cold,  
In realms so distant, chill and lone,  
That Love, impatient, leaves the throne  
To meditative Amity.

### RANDOLPH.

So would my guardian have it be,  
So flowed his constant voice to me,  
Of those to make me one, he sought,  
Who watch from mountain towers of thought,  
Or wandering into paths apart  
Pursue the lonely star of art.

### WIND.

But you would rather love and do.  
Well said, so much the wiser you!  
But let your love be false as maid's,  
Your every fire a flame that fades—  
A word, a smile, an easy thing  
To fledge and easy taking wing.  
Kiss every lip, as tired of rest  
As I am now. I'm off to west.

## THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Good-bye, and some day when you're hot  
I'll meet you cool.

CLOUD.

And I should not  
Delay my showers so long as this.  
God speed! Good-bye!

RANDOLPH.

Good-bye.

I miss

Their wonderful companionship.  
So onward seems the world to slip.  
Now one glance backward firmly cast;  
Thy next foot forward bears thee past  
The mountain's crest. Ah, I behold  
Our reckless river leaping bold  
Down all its ledges. And I see  
The castle where Elaine must be.  
Lo, in yon window sits she oft.—  
From yon green maze of willows soft  
I hear our hermitage's bell.  
Sweet sound, sweet many scenes, farewell.  
Elaine! Elaine!

## Cujus Animæ Propicietur Deus

**A** QUIET, old cathedral folds apart  
At Oxford, from the world of colleges  
A world of tombs, and shades them in its heart;  
Contrasting with the busy knowledges  
This wisdom, that they all shall end in peace.—  
“Vex you not, slaves of truth! there is release.”

There every window is a monument  
Emblazoned: every slab along the pave,  
Each effigy with knees devoutly bent,—  
Or prone, with folded gauntlets,—is a grave. . .  
Unnoticed down the sands of Kronos run:  
Slow move the sombre shadows with the sun.  
Hard by a Norman shaft, along the floor  
A portraiture on ancient bronze designed  
In Academic hood and robes of yore,  
Commemorates some by-gone lord of mind.  
Mournful the face and dignified the head:  
A man who pondered much upon the dead.  
  
Repose unbroken now his dust surrounds,  
He is with those whom mortals honor most.  
Respect and tender sighs and holy sounds

CUJUS ANIMÆ PROPICIE TUR DEUS

Of choirs, and the presence of the Holy Ghost  
And fellow spirits and shadowy mem'ries dear  
Make for his rest a sacred atmosphere.

Sometime a gentle and profound Divine,  
Father revered of spiritual sons.

He died. They laid him here. About his shrine,  
Of what they wrote this remnant legend runs:  
“Nascitur omnis homo peccato mortuus  
Una post cineres virtus vivere sola facit.”\*

There as I breathed the lesson of the dead:  
Sudden the rich bells chorussed overhead:  
“O be not of the throng ephemeral  
To whom to-day is fame, to-morrow fate,  
Proud of some robe no statelier than a pall,  
Mad for some wreath of cypress funeral—  
A phantom generation fatuate.

Stand thou aside and stretch a hand to save,  
Virtue alone revives beyond the grave.”

\* “Every man is born dead in sin. Virtue alone brings life eternal.”

## Stanchezza

### EARLY LINES.

O ZEPHYR floats, on pinions delicate,  
Past the dark belfry, where a deep-toned bell  
Sways back and forth, Grief tolling out the knell  
For thee, my friend, so young and yet so great.  
Dead—thou art dead. The destiny of men  
Is ever thus, like waves upon the main  
To rise, grow great, fall with a crash and wane,  
While still another grows to wane again,  
Dead—thou art dead. Would that I too were  
gone  
And that the grass which rustles on thy grave  
Might also over mine forever wave  
Made living by the death it grew upon.  
I ask not Orpheus-like, that Pluto give  
Thy soul to earth. I would not have thee live.

## Præterita Ex Instantibus

HOW strange it is that, in the after age,—  
When Time's clepsydra will be nearer dry—  
That all the accustomed things we now pass by  
Unmarked, because familiar, shall engage  
The antique reverence of men to be;  
And that quaint interest which prompts the sage  
The silent fathoms of the past to gauge  
Shall keep alive our own past memory,  
Making all great of ours—the garb we wear—  
Our voiceless cities, reft of roof and spire—  
The very skull whence now the eye of fire  
Glances bright sign of what the soul can dare,  
So shall our annals make an envied lore,  
And men will say, 'Thus did the men of yore.'

## Sunrise

EARLY LINES.

I SAW the shining-limbed Apollo stand,  
Exultant, on the rim of Orient,  
And well and mightily his bow he bent,  
And unseen-swift the arrow left his hand.  
Far on it sped, as did those elder ones  
That long ago shed plague upon the Greek—  
Far on—and pierced the side of Night, who weak  
And out of breath with fright, fled to his sons,  
The nether ghosts; and lo! his jewelled robe  
No more did shade a sleep-encircled world;  
And thereupon the faëry legions furled  
The silk of silence, and the wheeling globe  
Spun freer on its grand, accustomed way,  
While all things living rose to hail the day.

## Reality

A FANCY.

F ADE lesser dreams, that, built of tenderness,  
Young trust and tinted hopes, have led me long.  
These jagged ways ye whiled will pain me less  
Than hath your falsity. Your spirit song  
Sent magic wafted up and down along  
The waves of wind to me. Your world was real.  
There was no ruder world that I could feel.  
I lived in dreams and thought you all I would.  
Nor knew what dread, bare truth is doomed to rise,  
When love and hope and all but one far Good,  
Like sunset lands feel the cold night of lies.

Go, sweetest visions, die amid my tears,  
For hence, nor cheered, nor blinded, must I seek  
That larger dream that cannot fade; though years  
Of leaden days and leagues of by-path bleak  
Must intervene, with austere sadness gray,  
Fade dimmer! lest in agony I turn  
And heartsick seek ye, though the Fates shriek "Nay!"  
And the wroth heavens with judgment lightnings  
burn.'

## REALITY

Go useless lesser dreams. And where they were,  
Rise, grave aërial Good! Thy texture's true.  
There is no good can die. "No ill," says Time, "can  
bear,  
However beautiful, my long, long earnest view."

## Searchings

### EARLY LINES.

**S**OUL, thou hast lived before. Thy wing  
Hath swept the ancient folds of light  
Which once wrapt stilly everything,  
Before the advent of a Night.

O thou art blind and thou art dead  
Unto the knowledge that was thine.  
A longing and a dreamy dread  
Alone oft shadow the divine.

Full loud calls past eternity,  
But Lethe's murmur stills its roar,  
The one vague truth that reaches thee  
Is this—that thou hast lived before.

Home often comes some voice of eld  
Confused and low—a broken surge  
By fate and distance half withheld—  
Rich in linked sadness like a dirge.

The muffled, great bell Silence clangs  
His solemn call, and thou, O soul!

## SEARCHINGS

Dost stir in sense's torpid fangs,  
Like the blind magnet, toward a pole.

The deep, vast, swelling organ-sound;  
The cadence of an evening flute,  
Bring oft those ancient joys around  
To linger till the notes are mute.

And when thy hushed breathing fills  
The shrine of quiet reverence,  
Then, too, a freeing angel stills  
The clanking of the chains of sense.

But nearest to that former life  
Another power calleth thee,  
Away from care, away from strife,  
Toward what thou wast—infinity.

And in thee, soul, the deepest chord  
Thrills to a strain rung from above;  
That strain is bound within a word,  
A sole, sweet word, and it is—Love.

Love—yet it cannot set them free  
To sweep again those folds of light,  
It torches but a part to thee  
And dim, though fair. The rest is night.

## SEARCHINGS

As the fine structure of a man  
Fits into life's great world, foremade,  
So too it shadoweth the plan  
Of ages hidden in the shade.

And thou hast lived before; hast known  
The depth of every mystery,  
Has dwelt in Nature, hid, alone  
And winged the blue ætherial sea;

Hast looked upon the ends of space;  
Hast visited each rolling star,—  
Before Time measured forth his pace,  
Scythe-armed, on a terrestrial war.

# Homer

## EARLY LINES.

TIME, with his constant touch, has half erased  
The memory, but he cannot dim the fame  
Of one who best of all has paraphrased  
The tale of waters with a tale of flame,  
Yet left us but his accents and his name.

Upon that life, the sun of history  
Shines not, but Legend, like a moon in mist,  
Sheds over it a weird uncertainty,  
In which all figures wave and actions twist,  
So that a man may read them as he list.

We know not if he trod some Theban street,  
And sought compassion on his aged woe,  
We know not if on Chian sand his feet  
Left footprints once; but only this we know,  
How the high ways of fame those footprints show.

Along the border of the restless sea,  
The lonely thinker must have loved to roam,  
We feel his soul wrapt in its majesty,  
And he can speak in words that drip with foam,  
As though himself a deep, and depths his home.

## HOMER

Hark! under all and through and over all,  
Runs on the cadence of the changeful sea;  
Now pleasantly the graceful surges fall,  
And now they mutter in an angry key  
Ever, throughout their changes, strong and free.

How sternly sang he of Achilles' might,  
How sweetly of the sweet Andromache,  
How low his lyre when Ajax prays for light;  
(Well might he bend that lyre in sympathy,  
For also great, and also blind was he.)

We almost see the nod of sternbrowed Jove,  
And feel Olympus shake; we almost hear  
The melodies that Greek youths interwove  
In pæan to Apollo, and the clear,  
Full voice of Nestor, sounding far and near.

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